



THE
CHARLES
VIEWER

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CHARLES VIEWER STAFF

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Can it be?
Can it be
that wishes
have risen to reality,
that dreams
and firecrackers
finally burst,
filling the air
with hopes
and smiles
of a new truth...
beware?

emotions tangle
tugging and pulling
with me as i am
or me as i always
felt i should be,
feeling fine,
soaring, as my new beauty
revolves around me.
still wondering though
if reality will not give way
but give me
the one chance i need

it feels real,
but i can't trust it
yet;
i want to let go,
spring the inhibitions
screaming for joy...
even the wind feels dead
though a shivering
chill is always present;
the moon
rising slowly
through the mist,
a fog choking
the life of tall weeds
surrounding the monument
of a weathered clap-board
house, 200 years
in age...

boards at the windows
stifle
the dusty, dirty air
from any thought
of escape;
the ricketing stairs
leading upward
towards the old room
where music still

seems to float
through paper-thin
rotting walls...

it's forbidden past
loses its fright,
and the days blend to nights
all alone and lonely,
forgotten
as a mausoleum
in a deserted graveyard...

Cherie Eckhardt '75

A STORY

A lovely actress, gowned and covered with furs and jewels was escorted to the shiny, black limousine in front of the grand hotel.

The movie is at its climax now. The actress is a spy but is posing as an imperial princess. The Grand Duke, the peasant leader, is her lover and waits for her at the hotel entrance. In a full-dress uniform, the chief of the secret police is hiding under the crystal chandelier hoping to arrest her.

What will become of the princess? Will she escape arrest and elope with her lover to rule the Kingdom together? Or will she be executed at sun-up by a firing squad, or sliced into neat sequences for shaving commercials during NFL half time?

Sally Jutras '75



As she softly floats by, the joyful cries
of children are heard throughout the bay. Ex-
citement fills them all as they scream and
shout, "Lookit 'er go!" But men and women pace
the dock waiting for news of their sons and hus-
bands. Will they return on this ship of corpses?
"Please, ship, don't stop." Sacks of letters
are thrown ashore as she sails along her way.
But will the next dock be so lucky?

Laurie Fisher '75

mirrored
in a shimmering
glassy shine,
colours swirling
pulsating
in violent violence;
swimming blues and green
blending, turning out
blood red.

dazzling, blinding
brightness
shines from a sky
gone orange;
the sun, a brilliant green,
the world
shattered in confusion
shrieking with frustration.

the universe
screams out
in anger,
little planet earth
the favorite gon crazy
with wars and destruction
super powers
to annihilation
now committed to a
padded cell
at the edges of a cold and lifeless
solar system.

Cherie Eckhardt '75

HOME -- HERE

The drunk staggers over
to the cold common bench
while the old lady cashes her welfare check
for new shoes
without holes;
And the harlot winks
her phony lashes
at the man in the Cadillac
while I am stopped on my way
by someone who needs a dime to buy his wine --
Sometimes I hate living here.

The Hari-Krishnas' bells
fill the empty morning's silence,
while other folks feed
the newly-come ducks,
and the expectant pigeons gather together.

Burger King is within walking distance;
"The Basement" isn't far either,
and just because the Charles is polluted
doesn't mean it doesn't
shimmer
when the sun spreads its golden
fingers on it.

The man offers me his seat
on the subway...
Sometimes,
Sometimes I wouldn't live anywhere
else in the world.

Sally Jutras '75

I will never understand what makes you cling to him this way;
You've been hurt too often to not feel any pain.
Why live off spoken promises?
If he really cared he wouldn't waste lies on you;
The truth may hurt,
But at least you'll know where you stand.
Can you honestly say that you love him?
Even after all the tears you've shed
You listen to all his words,
And that's all they are -- words.
Why play third party in a relationship that will
leave you nowhere?
I stand here and watch you get hurt again and again,
But all my words won't help;
I can't say it for you;
You'll have to say good-bye yourself -- and soon.

Linda D'Aprile '75

I am here,
And you are there;
We cry our separate tears,
Yet each tear speaks the same words.

We'll have to be content in our loneliness
Until we can cry together.

Linda D'Aprile '75



My mind --
a home for jumbled thoughts
and forgotten memories
of yesterday's dreams.

Linda D'Aprile '75

The day will soon be gone;
Perchance it's passed already,
And with it left my memories;
My head withheld the truths.

Linda D'Aprile '75

A tear,
Silent,
Carries a thousand meanings,
Unspoken words
In thought.

Linda D'Aprile '75

Love's memory carries sorrow
to hearts bruised and bleeding;
Yet worries not how often it hurts.
It feeds on human tears.

Linda D'Aprile '75

TRAFFIC

Walking, Walking
Where are we all going?
Streamlining it in silver lines,
Flying in sleek super-sport vehicles,
Opening and closing doors...

Discarding used material wherever possible,
Discriminating, reconciliating,
Entering crowds -- Inheriting new ways
of living...
Listening to tapes, 45's, LP's, and radios;
Distributing knowledge over telephone wires...
overcrowded ghettos
overheated cities
overlooked suburbs
non-stop people colliding with reality

or chasing it away with various
brain foods;
Somewhere the collision course ends --
One large traffic fatality...

DeVella Brown '74

A MOMENT

Look, not long -- soon to be gone,
Never again
Hurry!
Lose not a second;
Let it stand still!
But no, it goes on,
Almost gone -- make the best of it.
No, forget it now;
It is gone ...

Linda D'Aprile '75

I want to go someplace where people aren't fake,
But I don't know where to look for this place;
The world is filled with plastic.
Even in myself there is
a manufactured product I despise.
Are we all so disgustingly alike?

Sharon Toomey '75

AMERICA

I sat between
two cultures
one day
at MacDonald's.

Sally Jutras '75

Soon you will depart
For something better,
But all is not lost
For we have learned.

Cherie Freedman '75

WHEN?

When will I find the love I've searched
so long for?
Does it exist only in my romantic dreams?
I need it to chase away my gnawing solitude;
I found it once in reality,
But it vanished painfully, and I am again
alone with my dreams.

Sharon Toomey '75

PASSING THOUGHTS

As I sit here,
There are thoughts I can't bear,
Such as people in a rush
Telling me to hush,
Cars zooming down the street
Wondering whom they'll beat.
The world's in a race
With all trying to keep the pace.
Is there a way
It will end some day?

Marianne Murphy '75



You make me so happy;
Each day thoughts of you are on my mind;
Wherever I go,
Whatever I do
Is good because you're doing it with me.

Sometimes I even smile for no reason
at all.
It doesn't matter
does it?

You are doing so much for me.
Thank you.

Cherie Freedman '75

CROCE

I wish I had
known
the man,
the lover
of life
before he left us,
left with us the
memoirs of a beautiful
love story
of life;
I would have
thanked him.

Sally Jutras '75



I actually smell spring arriving;
The air is so clean;
Everything is so beautiful,
And
I have you.
We will welcome spring together;
It will be nice sharing spring
With you.

Cherie Freedman '75

MITCHELL

Too much of me
Asks too much of you
All too soon.
There's so much more,
Too much more
That I already feel for you --
I hope that I don't
Disappoint you too soon.

Sally Jutras '75

Sitting here wishing I was with you;
Know my dream won't come true,
But I still feel blue.
Why can't I be with you?

The distance is only the miles;
Wish I could smile
And make the emptiness go.

Knowing you has been unbelievably good for me.
Thanks for the time.
Thanks for the love.

Lynn Balnchard '74



AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A LONELY FOLKSINGER

With the passion
of a new love,
 she strums
 until the sounds
 grab hold of every dream
 ever wished,
and the words reach out --
 needing to be heard
 by one
 and all --
 by one who waits,
 by all who see --
She wants to be heard
 lest the fools carry her tune
 out of sight
 like a hopeful candidate's speech.

Let her sing.
Let her sing.

Sally Jutras '75

PEOPLE

Living on and on
From day to day
With force and strength
Just to watch them die;
But more are born
To carry on the burden
Of their forefathers,
To live again --
A life of hardships
And joy;
Then what will
Become of them?
They, too, must
Die
Only to be born
Again.

Laurie Fisher '75

THOUGHTS

When the sun rises each morning,
My first thoughts are of you.

When I go through the routine of each day,
My thoughts are of you.

When the sun sets and the moon is high,
My thoughts are of you.

When I sleep,
My dreams are of you.

While I exist,
My love for you grows.

Lynn Blanchard '74

Time flies limitlessly through the ages;
It bears no chains.
Like flipping through a book filled with
Thousands of pages,
It sweeps through our fingers
Like the drops when it rains;
Beyond our control, each moment will pass
Not stopping for a second to even breathe;
The time that's taken for granted when we're young
Will finally hit us hard when we're old;
So live every moment,
Enjoy every hour;
There's no such word as forever...
Time is precious in our lives, but it's also a threat
That when time all runs out we meet our death.

Leslie Peters '75

I'm all grown up, World.
I can take anything you can give
And face it with a forced smile;
But I miss my little girl laughter.

Sharon Toomey '75

ON BEING BLACK

Being black you're apt
to become
a spectacular conversation piece;

Whites will ask you if they
can touch your 'fro;

You should never feel neglected
because a million eyes are
on you --

Which means you're unique!

DeVella Brown '74

GAMES

It's your turn, your move,
Winner take all;
Don't hesitate; any move
You make puts you
Back on Go.

On your mark
Get set
Go on
Just try to win me back.

DeVella Brown '74

I feel like I'm floating just on the edge of infinity --
you know -- where never meets forever. It's really somewhat
nice over there or here or wherever you think it is. Seems
funny. Even I don't know how I got here or how I'm going to
get back again. I don't even know where I'm supposed to go
back to. No, I'm not lost, just a bit misplaced. That's a
good word -- misplaced. Sounds like I left myself somewhere
and forgot where I put me. Maybe I did. I'll never find out
how or even exactly where I am. Doesn't matter. It's time to
leave here now anyway. Wonder where my travels will take me
next? I don't know. But then, do I have any choice in the
destination? I dream.

Linda D'Aprile '75

OAKS

Towering ministers of beauty and grace,
Once masters of a stately race;
Concrete towers have taken their place.
They should never have tried to master a pace
In keeping with the progress of the human race.

Linda D'Aprile '75

the sun

a cold yellow orb casting darkness in its light
or a warm soft glow that covers everything with beauty.

Linda D'Aprile '75

YOU

There you are
Over six feet tall;
Your 'fro is literally
Out-of-sight,
Massive, black curls.

You look very inviting,
As though you're
Urging me on:
"Don't be shy".

Your smile says something
Too, but what?
Just another fantasy,
as I touch the
Cold glass frame.

DeVella Brown '74

DEDICATED TO ...

I thought about you for a long time,
Thinking of all the great memories that we have shared;
We don't see eye to eye -- we never did,
But you were nice about it -- you didn't hurt me.
Even now, you'd like to end it,
But you know it's impossible;
We're both in too deep to fall out.

Karen Debigare '75

EXPLAINING

i told myself there would be no tears,
but then i never do keep promises to myself;
as the tears began to fall i tried to tell him
how i felt -- that i hadn't stopped loving him --
but that we couldn't go on this way . . .
i tried to explain . . .

as he walked away i couldn't help
remembering all we had been through;
why did it have to end -- should it all have ever begun?
our love had become a revolving door,
always in motion but never going anywhere.

Linda Polcastro '75

Sometimes I feel I think too much,
Looking too deeply into my problems;
I can't help wondering if I don't actually
Create obstacles which really aren't there.

Okay, I've made up my mind not to worry about things;
I'll live each day at a time and deal with things as they come;
But then I see him, and reality hits and hits hard,
Forcing me to think of all the things I had chosen to forget --
Those very feelings which hurt most.

Linda Polcastro '75

How come you didn't hurt me?
Am I really so invulnerable
That pain doesn't exist
Anymore?

I cried for you,
All I had inside me,
And now I feel like they were
Wasted tears.

Well, it's good,
But I don't want to be so hollow
That I cannot feel;
But I suppose for me right now,
It's better to be hard.

Cherie Freedman '75

Tomorrow will soon be here;
The morning is about
to come.
Watching from my window
in my empty room,
Everything is still;
The world is asleep...or dead!
Soon things will come alive --
New experiences will happen;
Then...
Things will quiet down into yesterday.

Karen Debigare '75

What good can we possibly
do each other?
. . . None
And yet
I still want you;
I still need you
. . . and
I love you very much.

Cherie Freedman '75

